

Current Comment

What seems to us the height of nerve is the case of the Los Angeles "hit-runner" who deposited the body of his victim upon that unfortunate man's own front lawn. Singularly in keeping with L. A.'s slogan, "We Lead the World."

Over the past week-end the writer was treated to an inspection of the Marysville high school and junior college plant. To us, who have long been out of school, the strides made in school construction and equipment are nothing short of marvelous, and it occurred to us at the time that none but the most hopeless moron would begrudge the time spent in attending such a school. A feature of the institution which aroused our special interest was the mechanical training shop. Completely equipped, the shop is a joy to the mechanically inclined student. In it, at the present time, classes are engaged in the construction of a light monoplane. The instructor, who is a first class machinist, is also a capable pilot, and a ground course in aviation is a feature of the department. All high schools, including our own, should give a similar course.

Those who read last week's story on the proposed water conservation district which goes to the polls Nov. 5 may have been a bit startled at the figures mentioned. We were, of course, we suspected that a lot of water was being allowed to go unused, but we had no idea that the amount averaged 205,00 acre feet per year. More startling is the fact that only 100,000 acres of cultivated land lie within the proposed water conservation district. Work the problem in division and consider the answer carefully. Is it not worth working for? Surely! Don't neglect to vote yes on the ballot Nov. 5.

The local fire department Sunday evening again demonstrated its ability to get into action rapidly when a serious fire broke out in a private garage. Campbellites should be proud of their smoke-eaters and give them every bit of co-operation within their power. One of the finest things we can do to help the boys is to keep out from under foot when they are trying to extinguish a blaze. It is well for able bodied men to be on hand in case the department needs additional help, but we should stay outside the fire lines until called upon. There is still another way in which valuable aid could be given, and that is to help the fire lads get additional equipment. For one thing, they do not have enough slickers and boots to go around, and at nearly every fire one or more volunteers ruins a suit of clothes for lack of protection. We suggest a well-patronized firemen's benefit ball—and we here and now pledge all the support within our power to the local fire department in the event they choose to take up this suggestion.

Saturday's football game between the University of California and Pennsylvania, resulting in a 12-7 score in favor of the Bears, is a good indication that 1928-29 football history may be repeated this season. We refer, of course, to the trimming administered to eastern teams by western athletes—on the easterners' own fields. More power to 'em!

That's all.

Mrs. Hazel Calker Host To Bridge Club Week

Messrs. and Mesdames Walter Magnuson, Walter Young, Leland Walker, R. H. Sund, Austin Soper, L. C. Cornell, A. L. Norman, Neal McGrady, E. C. Healy, Miss Ruby Howes and Owen H. Smith were guests of Mrs. Hazel Calker when she entertained members of her bridge club last Wednesday evening. The dinner tables were prettily decorated with Halloween motifs.

Bridge followed dinner, Leland Walker capturing ladies' first, and A. L. Norman men's first. The consolation prizes went to Mrs. E. C. Healy and Neal McGrady. Mrs. Calker was assisted as hostess by her daughters, Misses Beatrice and

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CAMPBELL, SANTA CLARA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

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TUESDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1929

WHERE TO VOTE ON ELECTION OF WATER CONSERVATION DIST.

At the water conservation district election Nov. 5, residents of Campbell precincts will vote at the grammar school building. Also voting at that poll will be voters from the precincts of Union, 1 and 2, and Vineland, who reside within the proposed district.

Residents of Hamilton precinct will vote at the Burbank school building, where also will vote residents of Burbank, Roselawn and the three Maypark precincts.

Residents of San Tomas precinct will go to Moreland school to vote, where they will meet voters from Moreland precincts 1 and 2 and Cupertino.

The assessment provided in the Jones act, of 15 cents on each \$100 of land value as assessed by the county assessor, will vary according to the value of land. Probably little farm land in this region is assessed at more than \$240 per acre, in which the tax would be 36 cents per acre per year if the maximum amount were needed each year. On a 20 acre orchard then, the tax would be \$7.20. The drop in water level during the past ten years has made the cost of irrigation increase per acre as much as the total yearly tax could be on the 20 acres. Surely it is worth that much to insure against further drop in the water level.

Owners of village lots need not worry about the water district tax. If their assessment of value is \$200 they pay 30 cents a year. If by any chance the lot is assessed at \$500 they pay 75 cents a year.

The district organization is needed so that everybody may pay his bit toward keeping up the supply of water without which the people cannot live.

ROOSEVELT DAY TO BE OBSERVED MONDAY, OCT. 28

Monday, Oct. 28, at 2:30 o'clock p. m., Campbellites will again have the opportunity to be present at the Roosevelt Day demonstration which will take place at the redwood tree on the high school lawn.

E. W. Allen has charge of the program. He is endeavoring to secure a good speaker for the occasion but is unable to announce his selection to date. The high school band will, as in past years contribute to the program at which the high school student body will attend en masse.

Rebekahs To Be Guests Of Mesdames Dunlap And Covey Friday 25th

The Ada Rebekah Stitching club will be entertained by Mrs. Beulah Covey and Mrs. Miriam Dunlap this Friday afternoon, Oct. 25, at the Dunlap home on Alice avenue.

"Spain" Subject Of Afternoon Session Of Women's Club

Yesterday afternoon the Country Women's club in goodly number enjoyed a visit to Spain, through the able efforts of the committee in charge of the afternoon's program.

Mrs. I. P. Beal, chairman, introduced Mrs. G. E. Farley as the first speaker. In the brief time allotted her Mrs. Farley sketched a bit of the history of that romantic country upon which the Phoenicians, Greeks, Romans, Moors and Goths have all left an impress. She pictured vividly the character of the people and their modes of life.

Mrs. Horace Person followed with an interesting article on the city of Seville, which portrayed the many phases of life to be found in that old and new city.

The two little daughters of Mrs. Calvin Bohnett, Emily and Lois, gave two pretty Spanish dances, in costume, with their aunt, Mrs. Emily Gard, as accompanist.

It is always pleasant to learn of other lands through personal touch, and Mrs. Beal very graciously shared a series of letters from her aunt, Mrs. Flora Beal, former teacher in the San Jose teachers college.

What Is Worse Than A Back-Seat Driver? Two of Them By Albert T. Reid



Congregation Young People In Charge Of Sunday Eve's Meeting

The young people of the Congregational church were in charge of the Sunday evening service and carried through an attractive and devotional meeting.

Conrad Geiser was the leader chosen for the evening, and a group of about 40 led in the singing and also sang "Follow the Gleam" as a chorus. Miss Annette Merrill sang two solos.

The young peoples orchestra, led by Mervin Nichols, played several numbers and Elmer Sundquist a trombone solo, all of which added materially to the pleasure of the exercises.

Other parts of the service were given by the boys and girls, and Rev. Bennett's talk was primarily for them.

The Loyalty Crusade being conducted by the church was given a real impetus by the young people.

Y. W. S. Club Plans Hallowe'en Dinner

The Young Women's Service club met with Mrs. Neil Best last Wednesday afternoon and plans were made for a Hallowe'en dinner to be held in the Community hall Tuesday evening, Oct. 29.

Husbands of the members of the club are to be guests. Mrs. Marion Howes, Mrs. Horace Person, Mrs. I. R. Abbott and Mrs. William Lloyd are the committee of arrangements for the dinner.

Mrs. Louis Shelley, county executive of the Camp Fire girls, accompanied by Miss Philomona Goldsworthy, has returned from a trip to the San Joaquin where they have been looking for a site for a camp for the Camp Fire girls of this county.

who has spent the past year in the Balearic islands off the coast of Spain, and on the mainland. These proved very interesting and completed a delightful program.

Mrs. E. R. Kennedy announced that at the Nov. 4 meeting the younger children of the members were invited to a story telling hour.

Mrs. J. C. Ainsley and her committee reported arrangements nearly complete for the benefit card party Thursday afternoon. Many no host or Dutch treat tables are being reserved and any one interested may call any member of the table committee for reservations. They are Mesdames D. H. Cramer, W. H. Stray, F. R. Anderson, G. S. Robinson, W. H. Stray and Miss Anne Schulte.

ANOTHER CRASH AT CAMBRIAN CORNERS WRECKS A GARDEN

Last Tuesday morning the peace of the Cambrian district was disturbed when a car, traveling at a high rate of speed on the San Jose-Los Gatos highway, tore through the fence and into the garden of Mrs. Rose Hanger, doing considerable damage.

According to S. B. Gregory, driver of the car, his machine went out of control on the intersection of Union avenue. In its made plunge, the automobile tore down the fence and uprooted rose bushes and other valuable plants and shrubbery. A truck, in avoiding a crash with the wild car, turned into the orchard, endangering the lives of many children who were on their way to the Cambrian school. Fortunately there were no casualties.

Cambrian Neighbor's Club In First Fall Meet

The Cambrian Neighborhood club met with Mrs. F. O. Bohnett Thursday afternoon. This was the first meeting of the season. The afternoon was pleasantly spent in a brief business session, sewing and visiting. Mrs. Maynard Knopf joined the organization at this time. Refreshments were served by the hostess.

KIWANIS NOTES

With President Ed Wiesendanger in the chair nothing but "conservation" could be the subject, and Chief Ranger Don King of Los Gatos did the talking. He told of the fire prevention methods used in the Loma Prieta district and the surrounding region. Two lookouts have been placed in this territory and soon radio equipment will be installed, that the chief may keep check on progress of the actual fire sections and co-operate more efficiently with the men on the field. Fire engines are to be supplied and a plane is hoped for as a future addition to the equipment.

As the conservation of the wooded and brush covered sections of the water sheds is the first move in water conservation and is but one department of the whole conservation scheme, Nic Hedegard, twin-conservationist of the club, was called on. He stated that the water shortage is felt all over the state and plans of statewide importance are being made to enlarge the conservation scope.

In the northeast part of the state the problem is most serious. In Santa Clara county the time is at

Silvers Give Report On I.O.O.F. Encampment Held At Watsonville

Lillian Frazer was in charge of the regular meeting of the Ada Rebekah lodge last Tuesday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Silver gave a report of the week's session of the recent encampment at Watsonville. After the business meeting the balance of the evening was spent at cards. W. R. Coupland, Lester Brackett and Walter Smiley were the committee in charge of the program.

At the Nov. 5 meeting of the chapter Ida Bruegge, the district deputy president, will pay an official business visit.

Camp Fire Girls Meet With Mrs. F. Bohnett

The Tuli-Husi group of Camp Fire girls met at the home of their guardian, Mrs. F. O. Bohnett, last Monday. The officers of this group are, Dorothy Dutra, president; Marion Cilker, vice president; Mabel Matteson, secretary, and Ruth Hocking, treasurer. Miss Dutra called to order the meeting at which plans for a paper drive were completed.

hand when all good citizens should support the conservation plan by going to the polls Nov. 5 and voting for water conservation.

The president appointed on the election committee T. A. Cutting, George Burrow, Guy Farley, H. C. Smith and C. H. Whitman.

Russell Kennedy will direct operations next Tuesday and Fred Shipp of the San Jose "Y" will speak.

The delegates to the California Nevada district convention at Long Beach are Ed Wiesendanger, Ralph Hyde, George Burrow, with Ben Curry and Russell Kennedy, alternates.

UNION DISTRICT

Tuesday evening Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Graham and Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Phillips motored to Redwood City to help celebrate the birthday of Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Gleason's small son, just two years old.

Mrs. Lester Woodard of "The Pines," who has been very ill with heart trouble, is improving, though not yet able to see visitors.

George Rasmussen and Emery Main left for the high Sierras last Friday for a week's fishing trip.

Miss Anna Kapp and sisters are

HERMAN HOELER KILLED ON GRADE CROSSING TODAY

As we go to press we are advised of the death this afternoon at Agnew of Herman Hoeler, 55, a brother-in-law of Mrs. O. A. Putnam and Mrs. L. L. Miracle.

Mr. Hoeler met death under the wheels of a Southern Pacific train at the crossing in the town of Agnew shortly after noon. Coroner Amos Williams took charge of the remains. An inquest will be held, Oakland to be with her sister, Mrs. Mrs. Putnam left immediately for Hoeler.

E. C. MERRILL TRUCK AND FUEL-YARD FIRE CAUSES GREAT LOSS

Sunday night at about 11 o'clock Campbell people were alarmed by the sounding of the fire siren. A brief time sufficed for the volunteer fire fighters to get their rigs to the scene of the blaze, which proved to be the garage and fuel yard of E. C. Merrill on East Campbell avenue.

The fire had a good start before it was discovered, and required an almost superhuman effort to quell. Fearing that the local equipment was inadequate to the situation, a call was sent out for aid. Willow Glen and Burbank responded, but by the time they arrived the conflagration was under control.

In the blaze, which it is thought was caused by a short in defective wiring in one of his cars, Mr. Merrill lost a small Kissel truck, a large trailer, a Chandler club roadster, a Marmon sedan and considerable damage was suffered by a large truck. Tools, coal, and other equipment was lost. Mr. Merrill reports nearly complete coverage by insurance.

Injury was sustained by Volunteer Al Covey who was holding a hose by himself when increased water pressure was introduced into the tube. The lashing of the hose was too much for him, knocking him down and striking him several severe blows on the back before it was seized by other men.

"Women's Progress" Discussed Wednesday By Pundita Circle

The Pundita Circle met with Mrs. R. Y. Maxon at her home on Los Gatos road last Wednesday afternoon. Mrs. G. Page was chairman, assisted by Mrs. H. Thaysen, in charge of arrangements for the program.

The subject of discussion was: "Women's Progress in World Affairs."

Members responded to roll call with the reading of some news item dealing with a woman who had accomplished something of importance in world affairs. Miss Betty Thaysen added to the program by rendering several piano selections. Dainty refreshments were served by the hostesses.

Oct. 30 the Punditas will hold a "Dads' Night." It will be a fancy dress Hallowe'en party to be held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. York on Quito road. Mrs. Leslie Davidson and Mrs. Wilburt Mitchell will assist Mrs. York in preparation for the party.

having the upper story of their cozy home on Union avenue remodeled. It will be right up to date when finished.

Miss Bertha Schlueter of Lark avenue is studying vocal music at the Arriellago college in San Francisco.

Eleven Union district families attended the funeral of Mrs. M. P. Schofield Monday. We and Our Neighbors club was organized by Mrs. Schofield 37 years ago.

Mrs. Lois Corning of Oakland is making a few days' visit with her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Byrnes.

Mrs. Anna Eldred left for her home in Battle Creek, Mich., Sunday after a several weeks' visit with her daughter, Mrs. Frank Coupland and Mrs. Preston Sharpless.

HAS THE LAXATIVE IN
YOUR HOME A
DOCTOR'S APPROVAL?



Some things people do to help the bowels whenever any bad breath, feverishness, biliousness, or a lack of appetite warn of constipation, really weaken these organs. Only a doctor knows what will cleanse the system without harm. That is why the laxative in your home should have the approval of a family doctor.

The wonderful product, known to millions as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is a family doctor's prescription for sluggish bowels. It never varies from the original prescription which Dr. Caldwell wrote thousands of times in many years of practice, and proved safe and reliable for men, women and children. It is made from herbs and other pure ingredients, so it is pleasant-tasting, and can form no habit. You can buy this popular laxative from all drugstores.

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Try Hanford's
Balsam of Myrrh
All dealers are authorized to refund your money for the first bottle if not suited.



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A New Exterminator that
Won't Kill Livestock, Poultry,
Dogs, Cats, or even Baby Chickens
K-R-O can be used about the home, barn or poultry yard with absolute safety. It contains no deadly poison. K-R-O is made of Squill, as recommended by U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, under the Conscience process which insures maximum strength. Two cans killed 572 rats at Arkansas State Farm. Hundreds of other testimonials.
Sold on a Money-Back Guarantee.
Insist upon K-R-O, the original Squill exterminator. All drugists, 75c. Large size (four times as much) \$2.00. Direct if dealer cannot supply you. K-R-O Co., Springfield, O.

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PARKER'S HAIR BALMSAM
Removes dandruff, stops hair falling, restores color and beauty to gray and faded hair. 50c. and \$1.00 at drugists. Hiram's Chem. Co., Patheville, N. Y.

FLORESTON SHAMPOO—Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balsam. Makes the hair soft and fluffy. 50 cents by mail or at drugists. Hiram's Chemical Works, Patheville, N. Y.

HALE'S ONEY OF CREHOUND AND TAR
Clears out cold in head or chest
A home remedy of tested and tried ingredients, safe, dependable.
30c at all drugists
For aching teeth use Hale's Toothache Drops.



Before and After Childbirth
"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound before my first baby was born and I am taking it now for my weakened condition after the birth of my second boy. Although I never have put on any flesh, I am feeling good now and the Vegetable Compound has helped me in every way. It is surely a wonderful medicine and I will be glad to answer letters for it recommend it highly."—Mrs. Fred W. Madison, Kansas.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound
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The TRAIL OF '98

A Northland Romance

By ROBERT W. SERVICE

WNU Service

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

WHAT WENT BEFORE

Athol Meldrum, young Scotsman, starts out to seek his fortune. At San Francisco he meets a fellow adventurer whom he dubs the Prodigal. With Jim Hubbard the two join the gold rush to Alaska. On the boat Athol meets Berna, who with her grandfather and a hard looking couple named Winkenstein, are headed for the gold fields. Landing at Skagway, Athol's party at once takes the trail. In a snowslide on the Chilcoot trail, which Berna and her companions had taken, hundreds of lives are lost. Forcing for Berna's safety, Athol hastens to the scene. He finds the old man dead. Mrs. Winkenstein refuses to allow Athol to see Berna. Later at Bennett Berna asks Athol to marry her to save her from the harsh fate she foresees. Athol is unwilling to take such a decisive step and tells her she must wait. Some days later Berna tells Athol that Mrs. Winkenstein plans to sell her. "Black Jack" Locasto, Athol still flinches from the idea of immediate marriage. Reaching the gold fields, they find the claims all taken. "Black Jack" buys Athol to a lonely spot and beats him into unconsciousness. Through a lucky chance Athol finds Berna. She tells him she has so far evaded Locasto and will die before she yields to him. They set a date for their marriage: the first of June. The Prodigal secures a claim and he, "Salvation Jim," and Athol begin work on it. The Winkensteins have opened a questionable resort known as the Paragon, and Berna is there, as a waitress. A friend of the Prodigal and his partners locate what seems to them a "good thing." After months of unceasing labor the "strike" is made; the four men have won a small fortune.

CHAPTER IX—Continued

It was mid-March when we finished working out our ground. We had done well. Not so well, perhaps, as we had hoped for, but still significantly well. There were our two dumps, pyramids of gold-permeated dirt at whose value we could only guess. We had wrested our treasure from the icy grip of the eternal frost. Now it remained—and Oh, the sweetness of it—to glean the harvest of our toil. We were working at the mouth of a creek down which ran a copious little stream all through the springtime. We tapped some distance above us, and ran part of it along our line of sluice-boxes. I remember how I threw in the first shovelful of dirt, and how good it was to see, the bright stream discolor as our friend the water began his magic work. For three days we shoveled in, and on the fourth we made a clean up. When we ran off the water there were some of the boxes almost full of the yellow metal, wet and shiny, gloriously agleam in the morning light.

Day after day we went on shoveling in, and about twice a week we made a clean-up. The month of May was half over when we had only a third of our dirt run through the boxes. We were terribly afraid of the water falling us, and worked harder than ever.

One afternoon I was working on the dump, intent on shoveling in as much dirt as possible before supper, when, on looking up, who should greet me but Locasto. He held out his great hand to me, and as I had no desire to antagonize him, I gave him my own. "I've just been visiting some of my creek properties," he said. "I heard you fellows had made a good strike, and I thought I'd come down and congratulate you. It is pretty good, isn't it?"

"Yes," I said; "not quite so good as we expected, but we'll have a tidy sum."

"I'm glad."

He was turning to go, when suddenly he stopped.

"Oh, by the way, I saw a friend of yours before I left. No need to mention names, you lucky dog. When's the big thing coming off? Well, I must congratulate you again. She looks sweeter than ever."

He was off, leaving a very sinister impression on my mind. In his parting smile there was a trace of mockery that gravely disquieted me. I had thought much of Berna during the past few months, but as the gold fever took hold of me I put her more and more from my mind. I told myself that all this struggle was for her. In the thought that I was safe I calmed all my anxieties. Yet at Locasto's words, all my old longing and heartache vehemently resurged. In spite of myself I was the prey of a growing uneasiness. I began to worry, so that I knew only a trip into Dawson would satisfy me. Accordingly, I hired a big Swede to take my place at the shovel, and set out at once on the trail for town.

My strange, formless fears for Berna were soon set at rest. She was awaiting me. She looked better than I had ever seen her, and she welcomed me with an eager delight that kindled me to rapture. We crossed the Yukon to the green glades of North Dawson, and there, on a little rise, we sat down side by side. Never was I so happy as I. I spoke but little, for love's silences are sweeter than all words. From time to time she would give me a glance so full of trust and love that my heart would leap to her, and wave on wave of passionate tenderness come sweeping over me.

"Yes," she was saying, "doesn't it seem as if we were dreaming? You know, I always thought it

was a dream, and now it's coming true. You'll take me away from this place, won't you, boy?—far, far away. I'll tell you now, dear, I've borne it all for your sake, but I don't think I could bear it any longer. I don't know what I'd have done if it hadn't been for the rough miners. They've been so kind to me. When they saw I was straight and honest they couldn't be good enough."

She looked at him archly. "And you know, I've had ever so many offers of marriage, from honest, rough, kindly men—and I've refused them ever so gracefully."

"Has Locasto ever made any more overtures?"

"Her face grew grave. "Yes, about a month ago he besieged me, gave me no rest, made all kinds of proposals and promises. He wanted to divorce his outside wife and marry me. He wanted to settle a hundred thousand dollars on me. Then, when he saw it was no use, he turned and begged me to let him be my friend. He spoke so nicely of you. He said he would help us in any way he could. He's everything that's kind to me now. He can't do enough for me. Yet, somehow I don't trust him."

"Well, my precious," I assured her, "all danger, doubt, despair, will soon be over. I'll take you away from it all soon. We'll go to my home, to Garry, to mother. They will love you as I love you."

"I'm sure I will love them. What you have told me of them makes them seem very real to me. Will you not be ashamed of me?"

"I will be proud, proud of you, my girl. On the first day of June, beloved, I will come to you, and we will be made man and wife. You will be waiting for me, will you not?"

"Yes, yes, waiting ever so eagerly, my lover."

I kissed her passionately, and we held each other tightly for a moment. I saw come into her eyes that look which comes but once into the eyes of a maid, that look of ineffable self-surrender, of passionate abandonment.

She rested her head on my shoulder; her lips lay on mine, and they moved faintly.

"Yes, lover, yes, the first day of June. Don't fail me, honey, don't fail me."

We parted, buoyant with hope, in an ecstasy of joy.

I got back to the claim. Everything was going merrily, but I felt little desire to resume my toil. I was strangely wearied, worn out somehow. Yet I took up my shovel again with a body that rebelled in every tissue. Never had I felt like this before. Something was wrong with me. I was weak. At night I sweated greatly. I cared not to eat.

"Well," said the Prodigal one day, "it's all over but the shouting. From my calculations we've cleaned up two hundred and six thousand dollars. That's a hundred and three between us four. It's cost us about three to get out the stuff; so there will be roughly speaking about twenty-five thousand for each of us."

How jubilant every one was looking—every one but me. Somehow I felt as if money didn't matter just then, for I was sick, sick.

"Why, what's the matter?" said the Prodigal, staring at me curiously. "You look like a ghost."

"I feel like one, too," I answered. "I'm afraid I'm in for a bad spell. I want to lie down awhile, boys. I'm tired."

The first of June, I've got a date on the first of June. I must keep it, I must. . . . Don't let me sleep too long, boys. I mustn't fail. It's a matter of life and death. The first of June.

Alas, on the first of June I lay in the hospital, raving and tossing in the clutches of typhoid fever.

CHAPTER X

I WAS lying in bed, and a heavy weight was pressing on me, so that, in spite of my struggles, I could not move. I was hot, insufferably hot. The blood ran boiling through my veins. My flesh was burning up. My brain would not work. It was all cobwebs, murky and stale as a charnel house. There came the dreams. There was always Berna. Through a mass of grimacing, greed-contorted faces gradually there formed and lingered her sweet and pensive one. I struggled to go to her. She was waiting for me, breaking her heart at my delay. Then the fever, the ravings, the wild thrashing on my pillow, all passed away, and I was left limp, weak, helpless, resigned to my fate.

I was on the sunny slope of convalescence. As I turned and twisted on my narrow cot it seemed as if the time would never pass. All I wanted was to get better fast, and to get out again. Then, I thought, I would marry Berna and go "outside." I was sick of the country, of everything.

I was lying thinking over these things, when I became aware that the man in the cot to the right was trying to attract my attention. He had been brought in that very morning, said to have been kicked by a horse. He was in great pain, but quite conscious, and he was making stealthy motions to me.

"Say, mate," he said, "I piped you off soon. I met me lamps on you. Don't you know me?"

I looked at the bandaged face wondering. Then, with a great start, I saw it was the Worm.

"Tain't no horse done me up," he said in a hoarse whisper; "twas a man. You know de man, de worst devil in all Alaska. Black Jack. Bad luck to him! He knocked me down and gave me de leather. But I'm goin' to get even some day. I'm just laying for him."

The man's eyes glittered vengefully between the white bandages.

"'Twas all on account of de little girl he done it. You know de girl I mean. Black Jack's dead stuck on her, an' de farder she stands him off de more set he is to get her. Youse don't know dat man."

"Tell me what's de matter, for Heaven's sake."

"Well, when youse didn't come de little girl she got worried. I used to be doin' chores round de restaurant, an' she asks me to take a note up to you. So I said I would. But I got on a drunk dat day, an' for a week after I didn't draw a sober breath. When I gets around again I told her I'd seen you an' given you de note an' you was 'cabin' in right away."

"Heaven forgive you for that."

"Yep, dat's what I say now. But it's all too late. Well, a week went on an' you never showed up, an' meantime Locasto was pesterin' her cruel. She got mighty peaked like, pale as a ghost, an' I could see she cried most all her nights. Den she gives me anudder note. I said she could lay on me dis time. I was de hurry-up kid, an' I starts off. But Black Jack must have cottoned on, for he meets me back of de town an' taxes me wid takin' a message. Den he sets on me like a wild beast an' does me up good and proper. But I'll fix him yet."

"Where are de notes?" I cried.

"In de pocket of my coat. Tell de nurse to fetch in me clothes, an' I'll give dem to youse."

The nurse brought the clothes. There were the notes, folded very small and written in pencil. There was a strange faintness at my heart, and my fingers trembled as I opened them. Fear, fear was clutching me, compressing me in an agonizing grip.

Here was the first:

"My Darling Boy: Why didn't you come? I was all ready for you. Has anything happened to you, dear? For Heaven's sake write or send a message. I can't bear the suspense."

"Your loving
"Berna."

Blankly, dully, almost mechanically, I read the second.

"Oh, come, my dear, at once. I'm in serious danger. He's grown desperate. Swears if he can't get me by fair means he'll get me by foul. I'm terribly afraid. Why have you failed me? Oh, my darling, have pity on your poor little girl. Come quickly."

It was unsigned.

Heavens! I must go to her at once. I was well enough. I was all right again. Why would they not let me go to her? I was strong, so strong now.

Had there were the Worm's clothes. It was after midnight. The nurse had just finished her rounds. All was quiet in the ward.

Dizzily I rose and slipped into the frayed and greasy garments. There were the hospital slippers. I must wear them. Never mind a hat.

I was out in the street. I shuffled along, and people stared at me but no one delayed me. I was at the restaurant now. She wasn't there. Ah! the cabin on the hill.

I was weaker than I had thought. Many times I stumbled, cutting myself on the sharp boulders. The way seemed endless, yet stumbling, staggering on, there was the cabin at last.

On my hands and knees, I crawled to the door and hammered with clenched fists. There was silence within, then an agitated movement. I knocked again. Was the door ever going to be opened? At last it swung inward, with a suddenness that precipitated me inside the room.

The madam was standing over me where I had fallen. At sight of me she screamed. Surprise, fear, rage, struggled for mastery on her face. "It's him," she cried, "him."

"Berna," I gasped hoarsely. "Where is she? I want Berna. What are you doing to her, you devils? Give her to me. She's mine, my promised bride. Let me go to her, I say."

All at once I realized that the air was heavy with a strange odor, the odor of chloroform. Frenzied with fear, I rushed forward.

Then the Amazon roused herself. With a cry of rage she struck me. Savagely she and her husband came for me. I struggled. I fought; but weak as I was, they carried me before them and threw me from the door. I heard the lock shoot; I was outside; I was impotent. Yet behind those log walls. . . . Oh, it was horrible! Could such things be in God's world? And I could do nothing.

I was strong once more. I ran round to the back of the cabin. She was in there, I knew. I rushed at the window and threw myself against it. Crash! I burst through both sheets of glass. I was cruelly cut, bleeding in a dozen places, yet I was half into the room. There in the dirty, drab light, I saw a face, the fiendish, rage-distorted face of Locasto.

He turned at the crash. With a curse he came at me. Then, as I hung half in, half out of the window, he clutched me by the throat. Using all his strength, he raised me further into the room, then he

hurled me ruthlessly out onto the rocks outside.

I rose, reeling, covered with blood, blind, sick, speechless. Weakly I staggered to the window. My strength was leaving me. I felt the world go blank. I swayed; I clutched at the walls; I fell. I had lost!

"No, no, I'm all right. Really I am. Please leave me alone. You want me to laugh? Ha! Ha! There! Is that all right now?"

"No, it isn't all right. It's very far from all right, my boy."

It was in the big cabin on Gold Hill, and the Prodigal was addressing me. He went on:

"Now, look here, kid. I'm giving you a straight line of talk. Ever since the start I've taken a strong notion to you. We've been in tight places together; we've been stacked up against hard times together; and now I'll be go-darned if I'm going to stand by and see you go downhill, while the devil oils the bearings."

"Oh, I'm all right," I protested. "Yes, you're all right," he echoed grimly. "In an impersonation of an 'all-right' man it's the hook for yours. I've seen 'all-right' men like you hitting the hurry trail for the boneyard before now. You've lost your grip, my boy. You don't care whether school keeps or not. In fact, if it wasn't for your folks, you'd as lief take a short cut across the Great Divide."

"It's all very well for you to preach," I said; "you forget I've been a pretty sick man."

"That's no nursemaid's dream. You almost cashed in. Typhoid's a serious proposition at the best; but when you take a crazy streak on top of it, make a midnight get-away from the sick-ward and land up on the Slide looking as if you'd been run through a thrashing machine, well, you're sure letting death get a short option on you. And you gave up. You didn't want to fight. You shirked, but your youth and constitution fought for you. They were a great team, and they pulled you through. And you weren't one bit grateful—seemed to think they had no business to butt in."

"My hurts are more than physical."

"Yes, I know; there was that girl. As I camped there by your bedside listening to your ravings, and getting a strangle-hold on you when you took it into your head to get funny, you blabbed out the whole yarn. Oh, sonny, why didn't you tell your uncle? Why didn't you put me wise? I could have given you the right steer. But you kept mum as a mummy. Wouldn't even tell your old pard. Now you've lost her."

"Yes, I've lost her."

"Did you ever see her after you came out of the hospital?"

"Once, once only. It was the first day. I dragged along wearily, leaning on a stick. I was thinking of her, thinking, thinking always. Then suddenly she was before me. She looked like a ghost, poor little thing."

"Yes, what did she say?"

"Say! she said nothing. She just looked at me. Her face was cold as ice. She looked at me as if she wanted to pity me. Then into her eyes there came a shadow of bitterness, of bitterness and despair such as might gloom the eyes of a lost soul. It unnerved me. Then she drew a great, gasping breath, and turning on her heel she was gone."

"She cut you?"

"Yes, cut me dead, old fellow. And my only thought was of love for her—eternal love. But I'll never forget the look on her face as she turned away. It was as if I had lashed her with a whip. My God!"

"And you've never seen her since?"

"No, never. That was enough, wasn't it? I went back to the ward; then, in a little, I came on here. My body was living, but my heart was dead. It will never live again."

"Oh, rot! You mustn't let the thing down you like that. It's going to kill you in the end. Buck up! Be a man! If you don't care to live for yourself, live for others. Anyway, it's likely all for the best. Maybe love had you located. See now how she lives openly with Locasto."

I rose and looked at him, conscious that my face was all twisted with the pain of the thought.

"Look here," I said, "never did God put the breath of life into a better girl. There's been foul play. I know that girl better than any one in the world, and if every living being were to tell me she wasn't good I would tell them they lied, they lied. I would burn at the stake upholding that girl."

He looked at me thoughtfully. "I say, old man, do you ever hear from your old lady?"

"Every mail."

"Why not go back? That's your proper play; go back to your mother. She wants you. You're pretty well healed now. You'll be comfortable; you'll devote yourself to the old lady; you'll be happy again. I hate to see you go. I'm really sorry to lose you; but it's your only salvation, so go, go!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Egyptian Calendar

The ancient Egyptians had a year determined by the changes of the season without reference to the changes of the moon, containing 365 days, divided into 12 months of 30 days each with five supplementary days at the end of the year.

"Lucile is the Happiest Girl"

So many mothers nowadays talk about giving their children fruit juices, as if this were a new discovery. As a matter of fact, for over fifty years, mothers have been accomplishing results far surpassing anything you can secure from home prepared fruit juices, by using pure, wholesome California Fig Syrup, which is prepared under the most exacting laboratory supervision from ripe California Figs, richest of all fruits in laxative and nourishing properties.



It's marvelous to see how bilious, weak, feverish, sallow, constipated, under-nourished children respond to its gentle influence; how their breath clears up, color flames in their cheeks, and they become sturdy, playful, energetic again. A Western mother, Mrs. H. J. Stoll, Valley P. O., Nebraska, says: "My little daughter, Roma Lucile, was constipated from babyhood. I became worried about her and decided to give her some California Fig Syrup. It stopped her constipation quick; and the way it improved her color and made her pick up made me realize how run-down she had been. She is so sturdy and well now, and always in such good humor that neighbors say she's the happiest girl in the West."

Like all good things, California Fig Syrup is limited, but you can always get the genuine by looking for the name "California" on the carton.

Leaves Corn Borer No Opportunity to Breed

One way to rid one's self of an unwanted visitor is to provide no place for the visitor to stay, and, following out this inhospitable line of reasoning, the Department of Agriculture has worked out a method of successful battle against the European corn borer.

Usual practice on farms, when cutting corn for shredding or ensiling, is to sever the stalks about 5 or 6 inches from the ground. This is due, of course, to the fact that the cutting blades on the mechanical cutters don't go any lower. These stubbles left in the field offer a haven to the larvae of the next season's crop of borers.

The experts of the bureau of roads have worked out a new device which cuts the stalks at ground level, and which can be attached at small cost to the average binder—Washington Star.

Accidentally an Arkansas lady cured fits in a valuable dog with Russ Ball Blue. Many others now use it. Never fails, she says.—Adv.

Printers Kept Busy

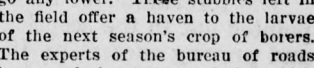
Department of Commerce figures for 1927 indicate that in that year 277,495,544 volumes were published. School books accounted for 83,949,064 of this number, and fiction came next with a total of 36,553,597. Of the remainder there were 31,047,004 juvenile volumes, while religion and philosophy comprised 22,220,536.

In a Way, Yes

A Pittsburgh woman who sued a slot-machine company whose scales showed her to weigh 55 pounds more than she does, lost her suit. The poor lady is in a bad weigh.—Farm and Fireside.

The Cat

The Sap—Yes, a life guard once was given a medal for saving my life. The Girl—Dear! Dear! I always thought they had to do something really wonderful to get medals!—Cincinnati Enquirer.



Makes Life Sweeter

Children's stomachs sour, and need an anti-acid. Keep their systems sweet with Phillips Milk of Magnesia!

When tongue or breath tells of acid condition—correct it with a spoonful of Phillips. Most men and women have been comforted by this universal sweetener—more mothers should invoke its aid for their children. It is a pleasant thing to take, yet neutralizes more acid than the harsher things too often employed for the purpose. No household should be without it.

Phillips is the genuine, prescription product physicians endorse for general use; the name is important. "Milk of Magnesia" has been the U. S. registered trade mark of the Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. and its predecessor Charles H. Phillips since 1875.

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

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Editorial

If a man's fortune does not fit him, it is like the shoe in the story; if too large, it trips him up; if too small, it pinches him.

—Horace.

AN INTERESTING PREDICTION

C. R. F. Smith, agricultural engineer of Iowa State college, makes an interesting prediction. In 50 years from now, he says, the American farmer will sit in an office before an electric switchboard and control automatic plowes, cultivators and harvesters which will produce his crops for him without the aid of a single field laborer.

"The great revolution in agricultural methods of the last 50 years," says Mr. Smith, "will prove small in comparison with the revolution that will take place in the next 50 years.

"Automatic farm machinery which runs without constant human supervision will be widely used . . . the machines will be able to run night and day if necessary . . . the greatest aid to super-farming in the future, and one whose realization is near at hand, will be a soil-tilling machine which will move over the field, mixing and pulverizing soil, organic material and plant food in a single operation."

The forerunner of these new machines, it may be pointed out to the scepticals, is already in operation and proving successful. It is a manless plow used at Iowa State college, which, after being steered across the field to make the first furrow, guides itself automatically by a guide-wheel which follows the last furrow plowed until the field is completed.

THE FAMILY BUDGET

It has been said that never before have people spent so much money or saved so much. The seeming extravagance is only seeming. The intelligent use of the budget has emancipated many people from financial burdens. They do not ask their income where it went—they tell it where to go. By first setting aside enough for the necessities—food, clothing, shelter, operating, etc., and a definite sum for the security of savings and insurance, they enjoy their recreations, indulge their whims and their charities without a shadow of worry.

Big business today operates on a budget system. The United States government has found that its departments function better and at the same time more efficiently under a budget plan. The same methods that are being used by large corporations and our government can also be applied to the expenditure of the family income. Thousands of families who have adopted this system would not be willing to go back to the old haphazard way. But there are still too many folks trying to stretch their incomes, and it can't be done. Unfortunately we can't spend the same money twice or three times—if we could, there would be no need for a budget. We can't have our cake and eat it too.

A family budget is an estimate of the family income and expenditure for a given ensuing period—a week, a month, a year, with proposals for maintaining a proper balance between the various types of expenditure. It simply puts the reverse English on expenditures. Instead of spending first and wondering where the family income went, you list what you are going to spend in advance, and then abide by your plan.

The ant worked without play — the grasshopper played without work. One sacrificed the comforts of life in a miserly way, and the other came to grief because he did not save and plan for the winter that was sure to come. They should both have been on a budget. We are told to go to the ant, learn of his ways and be wise. Many have done so and, even wiser than the ant, they have also taken a lesson from the grasshopper (who after all did have a wonderful time—while it lasted.) There is a sense of play in most of us which should find a normal outlet, and not be suppressed by money worries. The budget takes into consideration our need for recreation, and anyone who faithfully adheres to the budget that is best suited to his needs will have the greatest freedom to really enjoy life.

In order to formulate your family budget, turn to page seven of this paper where you will find many helpful ideas on family budgeting.

Do not fail to observe the names of the business men appended to the bottom of this page. It is through their loyalty to your town and their town, that so good a program has been made possible to appear this week in the Campbell Press.

Campbell Union High School Notes

The Girls' League of the Campbell Union High school will have charge of this column and will fill it with news written by the students to let the people of Campbell know that our school is on the map and has some pep. Reporters have

been appointed in each organization to report to the editor-in-chief and her assistant. They are:
Editor-in-Chief Helen Buck
Assistant Ruth Bollinger
Senior Reporter Vesta Anderson
Junior Reporter Muriel Crothers
High Soph Mary Jackson
Low Soph Dorothea Willis
High Frosh Daphne Marden
Low Frosh Idell Fulton
Girl's League Ruth Lydell

The Campbell high basketball teams, 110's and 120's, played Mt. View Friday night at Mt. View. The score for the former weight was 16-6, Campbell's favor. Danny Furtado and Melvin DeSelle were high point men on the local quint, each scoring 5 points. The score in the 120 pound tangle was 16-5, Campbell's favor, Leland Lea scoring 7 of the 16 points.

110 pound line-up:

Campbell	F	Mt. View
Furtado	F	Yoshida
Hall	F	Wallas
DeSelle	F	Makna
Lea	F	
Stojanovich	C	Winkley
Hughes	G	Watkins
Mammie	G	Millir
Beer	G	Matson
Fischi	G	Herrick

(Continued on Page 8)

Pacific Gas and Electric Company

now offers

2 times

as much

heat

for your dollar

Natural gas now gives you twice as much heat per cubic foot as did the former manufactured gas. It is the economical fuel for house heating, cooking and water heating.

STRAIGHT natural gas is being served this fall, to all customers living in San Mateo, Santa Clara and southern Alameda Counties.

It is 100% richer in heating value than the gas you have been using.

So why not take advantage of this new fuel for heating your home, as well as for cooking and water heating?

Gas-fired heating, in addition to its low cost, is the most convenient, the most care-free and the cleanest type of heating.

The new fuel itself, burning in modern appliances, is absolutely safe. Large industries are turning to natural gas because it is safe, clean, quick and easy to control.

Your dealer or our House Heating Department will gladly give you particulars, without obligation, on the type of gas heating equipment best suited to your needs. Write, phone, or call and a representative will respond.

Gas is cheaper—you can use more of it

PACIFIC GAS AND ELECTRIC COMPANY

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Owned, Operated and Managed by Californians

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SOULS for SALE

by RUPERT HUGHES
ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD RILEY

FINAL INSTALLMENT

And so one morning they crossed the Mississippi and into Calverly. As they stepped down from their car, both gasped and clutched each other.

The Reverend Doctor Steddon was a few yards away from them, studying the off-getting passengers. "Let's see if he knows us," snickered Mrs. Steddon, with a relapse to girlishness.

"Let's!" said Mem. They knew him instantly, of course. He wore the same suit they had left him in, and the only change they could descry was a little more white in a little less hair.

But he did not know them at all. It amused them to pass him by and note his casual glance at the smart hat and the polite traveling suit of his wife. He had expected a change in his daughter, but he was probably braced for something loud and gaudy.

So her father passed her by. When Mrs. Steddon turned and hailed him in a voice that was gladder and more tender than she knew, he whirled with his heart bounding, and they heard his hungry, feasting heart groaning. "I thank Thee, O God! Now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace."

But neither the Lord nor his family granted that prayer. His wife had turned time far back. Poor thing! She had never known till this year the rapture of being fashionable; had never dared, never understood how, to look her best.

Hiding under his high chin, Mem begged his forgiveness for all the heartaches she had caused him. She wept on his white bow tie, twisting a button on his coat and pouring out her regret for dragging his wife away from him and causing them to quarrel over her. She said that it was a crime for her to have taken her mother on east and left him alone, but he protested:

"D'you suppose I wanted my little girl traveling in those wicked cities all by herself?"

This gladdened Mem exquisitely. It showed her, for all her wanton career, she was still in her father's eyes an innocent child who must be protected from the world. Of course, it was, rather, the world that needed to be protected from her. But she would not disturb his sweet delusion.

The mayor had come down to give Mem welcome, as soon as he could push through the mob of Steddon children that devoured Mem and her mother.

The manager of the Calverly Capitol, with its capacity of two hundred, brushed the mayor aside and claimed Mrs. Steddon and his prize. He had a car waiting for her, and a room at the hotel in case the parsonage was overcrowded.

Doctor Steddon grew Isaian as he stormed back:

"My daughter stays in her own

home!"

This brought Mem snuggling to his elbow.

As their car moved off, with a sudden stab she remembered Elwood Farnaby and the far-off girl that he had loved too madly well in that moonlit embrasure. How little and pitiful that Mem had been! There was a toyish unimportance in her very fall, the debacle of a marionette world. But Elwood Farnaby was great by virtue of his absence and his death. He was a hero now with Romeo and Leander and Abelard and the other geniuses of passion whose shadows had grown gigantically long in the sunset of a tragic punishment for their ardors.

A horrifying thought came to Mem: if he had not died she would have become his wife and the mother of his premature child. She would have been a laughing-stock, material for ugly whispers about the village. And she would have been the shabbiest of wives even

tin wagon and they went larruping through the streets, out into the cemetery.

Mems only rite of atonement was a glance of remorseful agony cast toward Elwood's resting place. It showed her that the founder of her fortunes was honored only by a wooden headboard already warped and sidelong.

"One last favor," she murmured to Doctor Bretherick. "Get a decent tombstone for the poor boy and let me pay for it."

"All right, honey," said the doctor. And the car jangled out of the gates again into the secular road. And that was that.

At the supper table the younger children beste her with questions. Gladys was particularly curious and searching in her inquiries.

Then came the hour of the teatime. Nobody had dared to ask Doctor Steddon if he would accompany his family. He had not made up his own mind. He dared not.



Hiding under his high chin, Mem begged his forgiveness for all the heartaches she had caused him.

here. She would never have known fame or ease or wealth.

After lunch she found Doctor Bretherick and had him drive her to the cemetery. "And," she said, "I want to give you the installment I forgot, of the conscience money. Please get it to papa as soon as you can. And heres a little extra."

The doctor took the bills with a curious smile. She seemed to feel his sardonic perplexity as she mused aloud along a well-thought path.

"If I hadn't been a 'fallen woman,' I couldn't have saved papa's church from ruin. How do you explain it? What's the right and wrong of it all?"

The old doctor shook his head. "I'm no longer fool enough, honey, to try to explain anything that happens to us here. According to one line of thinking, your misstep was the divine plan. According to another, good can never come out of evil. Of course we know it does, every day; and evil out of good. So let's be as human as we can, and I guess that's about as divine as we'll ever get down here."

He led her out to his woeful little

The family tactfully assumed that his conscience or his pride forbade him to appear in the sink of iniquity he had so often denounced.

The family bade him goodbye and left him, but had hardly reached the gate when he came pounding after. He flung his arms about Mem's shoulders and cast off all his offices except that of a father, chuckling:

"Where my daughter goes is good enough for me!"

He made almost more of a sensation in the theater than Mem. There was applause and cheering and even a slow and awkward rising to the feet until the whole packed auditorium was erect and clamorous.

Seats of honor were reserved for the great star and the family that reflected her effulgence. As soon as they were seated the young woman who flailed the piano began to batter the keys, and Mem's latest picture began to flow down the screen.

She could feel at her elbow the rigid arm of her father undergoing martyrdom. She felt it wince as her first close-up began to glow,

her huge eyes pleading to him in a gasp of superhuman tears. The arm relaxed as he surrendered to the wonder of her beauty. It tightened again when danger threatened her, and she could hear his sigh of relief when she escaped one peril, his gasp as she encountered another.

He was like a child playing with his first toy, hearing his first fairy story. He was entranced. She heard him laugh with boyishness she had never associated with him.

She heard him blow his nose with a blast that might have shaken a wall in pericho.

A snaking side glance showed her that his eyes were dripping. And when the applause broke out at the finish of the picture, she heard his great hands making the loudest thwacks of all. This was heartbreaking bliss for her.

The family rode home in state, the children and the mother loud in comment, the father silent.

The old parson had to think it all out. Once home, he sent the children up to bed and held Mem and her mother with his glittering eye for a long while before he delivered his sermon:

"My beloved wife and daughter, I—ahem, ahum! I want to plead for the forgiveness of you both. I have been wrong headed and stiff necked so often, but now I am humbled before you in spite of all my pride. It has just come over me that when God said, 'let there be light,' and there was light, he must have had in mind this glorious instrument for portraying the wonders of his handiwork. Our dear Redeemer used the parable for his divine lessons, and it has come to me that if he should walk the earth again today he would use the motion pictures."

"You have builded better than you knew, perhaps, my child—and now I ask you to pardon me for being ashamed of you when I should have been proud. You were using the gifts that heaven sent you as heaven meant you to use them. Your art is sacred and you can't—you won't sully it in your life. God forgive me for my unbelief and send you happiness and goodness and a long, long usefulness in the path you have elected."

That night Mem knelt again by her old bed and, on knees unaccustomed to prayer, implored strength to keep her gift like a chalice, a grail of holiness. She woke with an early-morning resolve to be the purest woman and the devoutest artist that ever lived.

The next day she left the town with all its blessings, no longer a scapegoat, sin laden, limping into

the wilderness, but a missionary God-speed into the farthest lands of the earth.

It seemed that all Calverly was at the station to wring her hand and waft her salutations.

The conductor called, "All aboard!" and hasty farewells were taken in clench of hand and awkward

ward kiss.

Mem ran to the rear platform and waved and waved lengthening signals of love to her dwindling family. She noted the absence of her sister Gladys and wondered at it as she went to her drawing room. There she found the girl ensconced (Concluded on Page 8)

FIELD'S STORE

THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY SPECIALS

Supreme Preserves and Jams, 3 lb. jar	59c
Clorox, bottle	14c
Highland 100 per cent pure maple syrup, 16 oz. can	41c
Phillips Blue & Gold Already Flour, 10 lb. bag	57c
Currants, Otzen's, full 15 oz. pkg.	20c
Peels, Fancy Imported, Citron, per lb., 43c, lemon and Orange per lb.	33c
Raisins, Sun Maid Nectars, 15 oz. pkg.	9c
Pop Corn, Little Buster, 10 oz. tin	12c
Instant Postum, large can	37c
H. O. Quick Cooking Oats, 1ge. pkg.	33c
S.O.S. Scouring Pads, 2 pkgs.	35c

PARA-DI-CHLORO BENZENE for tree borers. Now is the time to apply

We carry ORTHO Brand in all sizes

COVER CROP SEED

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GET OUR PRICES

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PHONE 37

Service and Dependability.

THESE MEN HAVE WORKED FOR YEARS TO CONSERVE OUR VALLEY'S WATERS

Through their efforts we have an opportunity to make conservation a reality, by voting "yes" for organization of a district at election on Tuesday, Nov. 5th.

Water Conservation Committee

Fred Devenpeck
N. B. Galbraith
S. D. Farrington
George C. Payne
Arch Wilson
Louis E. Walter
Louis Wurz
J. Fred Holthouse
I. A. Wilcox
W. E. Moore
A. Kammerer
Chas. C. Derby
Herschel Johnson

Leroy Anderson
L. M. Athenour
K. E. Bracher
John A. Fair
Lloyd Gardner
S. N. Hedegard
Edwin Howes
Warren E. Hyde
Noah G. Rogers
George Mayne
R. P. Van Orden
J. E. Wiesendanger



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The New GOODYEAR Pathfinder

SUPERIOR tire quality is a basic Goodyear principle—the whole world knows that.

But to yoke such quality with low price—that was a task well worthy of the best talent of the greatest rubber manufacturer!

Goodyear has successfully answered that challenge in the new Goodyear Pathfinder tire.

An outstanding tire in quality and value; and remember that despite this quality and value it sells at a really low price:

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- 4 Tread materials embody the famous Goodyear principles of rubber toughening.
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- 6 Available in both High Pressure and Balloon sizes, lifetime guaranteed.

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THE STRANGEST ROMANCE EVER WRITTEN!

The story of a girl who married the man she—hated! Never was there a more exciting, thrilling, intriguing story—and it's by that great ace of story tellers, Arthur Somers Roche.

READ IT EVERY WEEK IN THE

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Starting

OCTOBER 29



Unnecessary Pain!

Nowadays, people take Bayer Aspirin for many little aches and pains, and as often as they encounter any pain.

Why not? It is a proven antidote for pain. It works!

And Bayer Aspirin tablets are utterly harmless. You have the medical profession's word for that; they do not depress the heart.

So, don't let a cold "run its course." Don't wait for a headache to "wear off." Or regard neuralgia, neuritis, or even rheumatism as something you must endure. Only a physician can cope with the cause of such pain, but

you can always turn to Bayer Aspirin for relief.

Bayer Aspirin is always available, and it always helps. Familiarize yourself with its many uses, and avoid a lot of needless suffering.

BAYER ASPIRIN

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GRAY'S for BOILS-SORES of all KINDS
BEST FOR 105 YEARS
Used Personally by President Andrew Jackson.
If your local Druggist hasn't it, send postpaid for 25¢ - W.F. GRAY CO., Nashville, Tenn.

New Type of Submarine Carries Battle Plane

Only tomorrow knows what horrors the "next war" will bring. Hardly a week passes without announcement of some new device or combination of devices for the destruction of human beings and property, says the Pathfinder Magazine.

The latest important announcement of this kind comes from London. The British have developed a submarine from which a battle airplane can be launched within a few minutes after it comes to the surface. The large turret usually used for the accommodation of a powerful gun has been converted into a plane carrier. Such a combination of undersea and airplane craft was first designed by an Italian. France took it up and now Britain claims to have improved it to perfection.

Water Power

Potential water power in Ozark streams of south Missouri is estimated at 600,000 horse power.

About the hardest person for a man to understand is himself.

Remarkable Ape Dead

Azwas, giant six-foot ape, captured in the Dutch East Indies and the subject of much controversy among scientists, died at Rochester, N. Y., recently. Azwas was neither gorilla nor chimpanzee. It was said, yet weighed 400 pounds, the only simian of his kind ever captured. Meyer Aaron, the ape's owner, valued him at \$20,000. He was being exhibited at a local park at the time of his death. His daily diet of seventy-eight bananas had fallen to a point where he refused food, and it required ten men to give him medicine. In Azwas' native jungle his kind were known as "maskuda" or "men of the woods," and were rare.

Safe Study of Hornets

A freak hornets' nest has been reported from Trap Corner, Oxford county, Maine. The nest was found at the home of Harry Silver. The insects have built the nest against a pane of glass in something resembling the usual conical shape. However, the interior may be seen through the glass, providing a very good observation specimen for any one interested in the domesticity of hornets.

NEARBY AND YONDER

By T. T. MAXEY

The Largest Fish Market

FULTON MARKET is the largest wholesale fresh fish market in the United States. It was established more than one hundred years ago and has continuously and persistently conducted business at the same location—around the foot of Fulton street, on the East river water front, below the Brooklyn bridge in New York city.

It is said that practically every important shipper of fish has at some time forwarded his products to this market which, the records show, handled approximately 394,000,000 pounds or 19,000 carloads of fresh and frozen fish products of 106 varieties, having an aggregate value of \$30,000,000, during one recent year. Eighty-two per cent of this fish arrived by railroad, as freight or express, at 16 terminals, while the remaining 18 per cent arrived on fishing vessels and motor trucks.

Although the bulk of the salt water fish came from points on the Atlantic seaboard between and including Florida and Newfoundland, large quantities also came from North Pacific coast points and some from the Gulf of Mexico and California points. The oysters came mainly from Long Island, the shrimps from South Atlantic and Gulf of Mexico points. Most of the clams came from points along the Atlantic coast. In the main, the fresh water fish received originated in the Canadian and Great Lakes regions, but large shipments also arrived from the Mississippi river and its tributaries and other fish-producing areas in the United States.

The Engine "General"

IN THE Union station at Chattanooga, railed off from the passing throng, stands a much-prized relic of the Civil war—the wood-burning engine "General," the most famous iron horse in this nation. Its tender heaped high with cord wood which served as locomotive fuel in its day, its old-fashioned "balloon type" smoke stack, long-nosed cowcatcher and hand brakes just as they were when it rolled out of the shops at Paterson, N. J., in 1855, save for a preserving coat of paint.

The "General," built for the Western & Atlantic railroad, was destined to lead an eventful life. In April, 1862, at Big Shanty, Ga., it unexpectedly took part in a dramatic exploit when a gang of men who claimed to be Yankee refugees en route to join the Confederates but, in reality, were soldiers of the United States army in disguise, ran away with it, with the intention of burning bridges behind them and interrupting the Confederate line of communication. Overtaken, after one of the wildest and most thrilling races in history, the "General" was abandoned. It was again under fire in the battle of Kennesaw mountain in 1864—hauling ammunition to the front and carrying wounded back to the rear. It was again used in the Atlanta campaign, while shells were exploded all around it—holes made in its tender by enemy bullets being plainly visible to this day.

The "General" continued to haul trains back and forth up and down the line for years and years after the war. When it could no longer "make the grade" on schedule time, it was honorably relieved from active service and placed on display.

Historic Arlington Mansion

ARLINGTON mansion, overlooking the historic Potomac river and the National Capitol from the brow of a Virginia hill and surrounded by the graves of our heroic men who lie buried in the adjoining national cemetery, is one of the best preserved and grandest old Colonial mansions in the nation, with a history all its own.

It was built in 1802 by the grandson of the widow who became Mrs. George Washington, is fronted by a massive portico lined with monstrous Doric columns, said to have been modeled after those of the Temple of Theseus at Athens and stands on ground which is part of an original grant of 6,000 acres that was traded by the governor of Virginia in 1699 for six hogheads of tobacco.

A member of Washington's family—George Washington Parke Custis, resided here for many years. His will passed "Arlington House Estate" to his only child, who was the wife of Robert E. Lee, and it thus became the home of the great leader of the Confederates. Here it was that he penned his resignation as an officer of the United States army to accept the command of the Army of Virginia. From here it was that he moved to Richmond. The Union army commandeered Arlington and a northern general took possession. A hospital, army camp and graveyard were established on the estate. The first burial in this Union army cemetery happened to be that of a Confederate soldier who died in the hospital. The property passed onto the permanent possession of Uncle Sam in 1863.

(© 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

WHY HE MARRIED HER



She—What would folks say if they saw me in tights in that amateur performance?
He—Probably say I married you for your money.

SMALL BILL



Hubby—What have you got to pay for that canary bird?
Wife—Oh, the bill for that kind of bird is very small.

A SURE THING



"My dear man, what would you suggest to put more hair on my head."
"Well, sir, you might try the wig-maker next door."

DIDN'T KNOW HER



Teacher—Now, James, what do you know about Polynesia?
Pup—Polly Neeshur? Don't know nothing, teacher—she don't come to this school.

CONVINCED



"He said he never believed the hand was quicker than the eye until recently."
"When was that?"
"When some one gave him a black eye."

HAD LANDED HIM THEN



"Jim was like a fish out of water when he asked me to marry him."
"Of course you had landed him then."

ATWATER KENT RADIO

SCREEN-GRID [BATTERY . . . OR HOUSE-CURRENT] ELECTRO-DYNAMIC

Tune in, sit back and listen—2,500,000 have done it!

No time out for trouble...no lost programs...in the millions of homes that boast Atwater Kent Radio. Atwater Kent owners don't worry about service because they so seldom need it. And they banished costly repair bills the day they decided to treat themselves to the world's leader in radio.



All you want in radio

... without a bit of bother

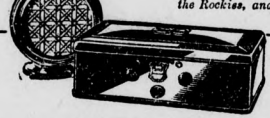
WHY will you find more Atwater Kents on farms than any other set? Why will an Atwater Kent owner tell you that the only set he would swap for it is another Atwater Kent? Because it brings in everything on the air as it ought to sound—with trouble-free operation.

And what a thrill you get every time you tune in, sit back, and listen to the mellow tone of the new Screen-Grid, Electro-Dynamic Atwater Kent Radio—the greatest in Atwater Kent's years of leadership. What a thrill when you sense its giant power, its fabulous reach, its needle-point selectivity.

See it, hear it, the next time you're shopping in town. Designed for central station current or battery operation.

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

4764 Wissahickon Ave. A. Atwater Kent, Pres. Philadelphia

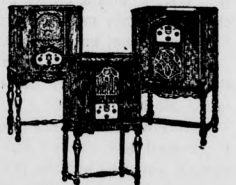


Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies, and in Canada

In Compact Table Models—For batteries.

Model 67 receiver. Uses 7 tubes (5 Screen-Grid). Without tubes, \$77. For house-current operation, Model 55, Uses 6 A. C. tubes (2 Screen-Grid) and 1 rectifying tube. Without tubes, \$88. Model 60, extra powerful, uses 7 A. C. tubes (5 Screen-Grid) and 1 rectifying tube. Without tubes, \$100. Electro-Dynamic table speaker, \$34.

IN CABINETS—The best of American cabinet makers—famous for sound design and sincere workmanship—are cooperating to meet the demand for Atwater Kent Screen-Grid Radio in fine cabinets like these.



ON THE AIR—Atwater Kent Radio Hour.

Sunday Evenings, 9:15 (Eastern Time). WEAF network of N. B. C. Atwater Kent Mid-Week Program, Thursday Evenings, 10:00 (Eastern Time), WJZ network of N. B. C.

Motor Violin

A mechanical violin, said to play with an uncanny human touch, has been perfected by two French engineers.

It has a number of keys which press the strings like the left-hand fingers of a player, and a revolving bow which permits different degrees of pressure.

The violin is driven by two motors. One takes the place of the player's arm; the other imparts the swift movements of the wrist.

May Marriages Increase

Efforts in England to break down the prejudice against May marriages are meeting with success, for there was an increase of hymenial events in that month this year. The anti-May idea is inherited from the Romans, the medieval church copying them by forbidding marriage between Rogation and Trinity. The "closed time" for marriages was marked in calendars as late as the time of Charles II.

Many find Russ Ball Blue good tonic for chickens. Large package at Grocers.—Adv.

Breeding Evil

The place to stop most human evils is at the point where men begin talking to themselves.—American Magazine.

A wise man takes no chances on chance acquaintances.

Starting Early

The world's youngest "forged check artist" has been captured at Pueblo, Colo., according to police there. The young forger is but seven years old, and according to police signed the name of John Yatsko, to whom a \$60 check was made payable, and attempted to cash it.

Satan has no use for the best man.

Hitting on All Eight!

Doctor Gives Hint to Lucky Salesman

IT'S a wise fellow that knows when he is shelling Mr. R. F. Myers of 711 Rosedale Street, Baltimore, had the good fortune to get his tip straight from one of his doctor customers (he was selling for a pharmaceutical house) and since that lucky visit he has increased his business 50 per cent.

For two years he had been driving from town to town, and naturally this threw his elimination out of shape. He felt himself slipping. Cathartics only made him worse. Then one day he was calling on a wise old physician, and asked his advice. "What you need, my boy," said the doctor, "is a simple, easy, normal way to clean the poisons out of your system—we all have them—and with your kind of work they certainly cut down efficiency. Why don't you try Nujol?"

"Well, believe it or not," says Mr. Myers, "in a few days I felt like a new man. What's got into you?"



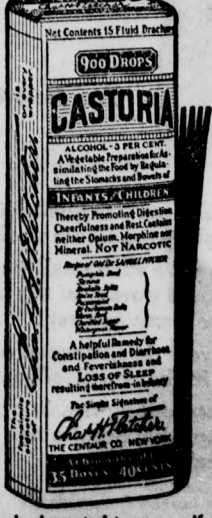
asked the home office, 'your business has increased 50 per cent!'

That's the great thing about Nujol. As soon as it begins to clean the poisons out of your system it makes you feel so well that you can almost always do a much better job.

Nujol is not a medicine and contains no drugs. It is perfectly harmless, for it has no habit. It is simply bodily purification, which everybody needs. You, like everybody else!

Why put off good health any longer? Go into any good drug store and get a bottle of Nujol in a sealed package. Costs so little and means so much. Maybe you can increase your efficiency 50 per cent too.

Restless Children



Children will fret, often for no apparent reason. But there's always one sure way to comfort a restless, fretful child. Castoria! Harmless as the recipe on the wrapper; mild and bland as it tastes. But its gentle action soothes a youngster more surely than some powerful medicine that is meant for the stronger systems of adults.

That's the beauty of this special children's remedy! It may be given the tiniest infant—as often as there is any need. In cases of colic, diarrhea, or similar disturbance, it is invaluable. But it has everyday uses all mothers should

understand. A coated tongue calls for a few drops to ward off constipation; so does any suggestion of bad breath. Whenever children don't eat well, don't rest well, or have any little upset—this pure vegetable preparation is usually all that's needed to set everything to rights. Genuine Castoria has Chas. H. Fletcher's signature on the wrapper. Doctors prescribe it.

Try this treatment for pimples!
AN OINTMENT WITH
Cuticura Ointment
After a while bathe gently with
Cuticura Soap
and hot water.
You will find nothing better for soothing and healing all forms of skin troubles.
Ointment 25c. and 50c. Soap 25c. Talcum 25c.
Sample 5c. free.
Address: "Cuticura," P. O. Box 100, Malden, Mass.

The Family Budget



This outline divides the family budget expenditures and savings into twelve general heads. With the greatest attempt has been made to establish either amounts or percentages for these various divisions. Each of these is a part of the well-balanced expenditure of the family income. A careful check-up of living expenses with this outline will show how the budget fits their needs.

Keeping a budget will repay all the time and attention given to it. You will find it not only interesting but profitable. It provides an excellent basis for future planning.

1. **FOOD**—Food should consist of a balanced diet suited to the needs of the various members of the family and to the seasons of year. It will include: Meat and fish, dairy products, groceries, vegetables, bread, fruit, business man's lunches, etc.
2. **SHELTER**—A home should be roomy, light, airy, sanitary, comfortable and attractive; with running water, toilet and bath, lighting and heating, and refrigeration. The home should be at least 15 feet from neighboring houses. The yard should have walks, a grass plot, shrubs and flowers; and a garage for the family car. The home whether owned or rented bears such expenses as: Home Building payments, Rent, Taxes, etc.
3. **OPERATING**—Under this heading should come such expenditures as: Fuel, ice, laundry, telephone, water, cleaning. It should also include service equipment and supplies, decorating, paper hanging, plumbing, repair and sundry other expenditures for maintenance and upkeep.
4. **CLOTHING**—Wearing apparel for all members of the family should be suitable in style and comfort for the four seasons of the year. Clothes and shoes should be systematically purchased for work, dress and sport.
5. **FURNISHINGS**—The home furnishings should be acquired for a four-fold purpose—comfort, service, health and attractiveness. Under this heading come all house furnishings items such as rugs, carpets, furniture, curtains, drapes, beds, stoves, cooking utensils, etc.

Plan Your Own FAMILY BUDGET

In the spaces below are suggested the monthly items of expense for a family. Plan your next month's expenditures in advance. Then check result.

1. Food \$ _____
2. Shelter \$ _____
3. Operating Expense \$ _____
4. Clothing \$ _____
5. Furnishings \$ _____
6. Savings and Investment \$ _____
7. Recreation \$ _____
8. Education \$ _____
9. Health \$ _____
10. Insurance \$ _____
11. Personal Expenses \$ _____
12. Church and Benevolence \$ _____

Total \$ _____

This page is presented in the interests of economy and better living. The whole family should plan the family budget. Next week this space will give the essential requirements of that great plan.

BERNHARDT'S
CITY PRICES IN THE COUNTRY
WHY NOT?—BERNHARDT THE GROCER

BUSY BEE RESTAURANT
MEALS AT ALL HOURS
SANDWICHES : CIGARS : CIGARETTES

BELL LAUNDRY
Called For and Delivered
Ave. Phone Campbell 167
Bee Restaurant Agents

CAMPBELL PRESS
Particular People Properly Produced
at Painless Prices

K'S DRUG STORE
to Orchard City Drug Co.
ONS, DRUGS AND SUNDRIES
Phone Campbell 39

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B. O. CURRY
REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE
Country Homes a Specialty
Phone Campbell 105

G. E. FARLEY—Realtor
HOMES COUNTRY PROPERTY EXCHANGES
Every Form of Insurance Except Life
Phone Campbell 125

HALIWELL & JONES
GAS, OIL, HIGH PRESSURE LUBRICATION SERVICE
GOODYEAR TIRES—EXIDE BATTERIES
Opposite Schools Phone Campbell 111

RALPH H. HYDE
INSURANCE—ALL LINES
Insure With Hyde—Lay Worry Aside

